

well-beloved queen. And is it not the insistent personality which subdues our delight in all verse to which we cannot give the name of poetry.

With all recognition of the Cosmic Flow, which some regard as the heart of Tao, there are forms of Tao which persist and are yet as momentous as the more visibly variable. The shaping of Chinese character, the transmutation of life into forms of art, the insistence on keeping one's position—reserving one's foreground, as Nietzsche puts it—while giving place to others, and the practice of *jujitsu*—are all immensely great things,—as great as the latent power of a handful of dust or as the smile of a little child may be.

Tao involves a charity without bounds, a new vision of oneself and one's place in the world, sanction to many of our illusions, especially to those which make for happy social relations, and the recognition that we ourselves often form an unnecessary barrier between yesterday and to-morrow.

Tao warns us against becoming static and so regarding the past as static. We have to live in the present flow, to realize that the past was a stream of life, not rocks in a dry river bed, and that we have about us the same stream of life, of which the beauty and the excellencies and the possibilities are waiting to be recognised, aching, with a meaning for us, as Rabindranath expresses it. This truth has immediate bearing on all our life, and should be made the central principle of all arts, doing away with all slavish imitation, all meaningless surrender to convention. Tao would not be Tao did it encourage us to set more store on the past than on the present, to condemn ourselves by disowning our age and its ideals.

It may not cause us to change our life, but it gives us a feeling that this life and the way we live it are not all; we recognise that we are playing a part in some more than human ritual, whose meaning and value are beyond our comprehension, and whose end beyond our shaping.

E. E. SPEIGHT.

TU FU¹.

[**Dr. Lionel Giles**, the learned Orientalist, who is Deputy Keeper of Oriental Printed Books and Manuscripts at the British Museum, is held in very high repute as a Chinese scholar and is familiar to the student of Chinese literature as the author of *The Sayings of Lao Tzu*, *Musings of Chinese Mystics*, *The Sayings of Confucius*, *Taoist Teachings*, etc. We have great pleasure in publishing this review article from his pen.—EDS.]

The translations of Chinese poetry that have appeared during the last few years have opened up a new world of thought and expression to Western readers. To many it was a revelation that the Chinese had any poetry at all, or at any rate poetry possessing a wide

¹Tu Fu: *The Autobiography of a Chinese Poet*... Arranged from his Poems and Translated by Florence Ayscough—(Jonathan Cape, London, 21s.)